

# AN ELEGY

ON The Much-to-be-deplored DEATH  
OF That Never-to-be-forgotten PERSON,

The Reverend  
Mr. NATHANAEL COLLINS;

Who After he had been many years a faithful  
Pastor to the Church at *Middletown* of  
*Connecticut* in *New-England*,  
about the *Forty third* year of his Age Expired;  
On 28th. 10. moneth 1684.

---

*Testor, Christianum hic de christiano verè proferre.*  
Hier. Epist. Paulæ.

*Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat.*

---

*Dignum laude virum musa vetat mori.* Horat.

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Reader ;

**T**O Lament the Dead in Verse, having been even from the Dayes of David until Now, in some sort almost as Common as Death it self, an Apology for that thing at this time is altogether superfluous : Nor have the Noblest Hands disdained to scan Potetical measures on their Fingers, tho' an Annatus has derided a Twiss for not counting that Exercise beneath him . But there seems more needful an Excuse for the meanness of this Composure, which is born before its Time from a Brain disus'd to such Performances ; in which I have been so farr from the accuracy of Virgil, who having laid out eleven years upon his Æneids, after all judged them not polished enough to be published, that a few stolen hours were all I had to shape them in, and to which I could never have been drawn, if the Subject of these Rhythmes, had like the Gentleman in Thuanus upon his Death-bed, given sufficient caution That his Herse should not be burdened with bad Funeral verses. For this, my utmost Plea is, That the sense of Duty, awakened by the invitation of others hereunto, has produced



To the Reader :

*produced this Rapsody, for a Censure on which,  
I appeal from Curiosity to Candour, expecting  
no Laurel on this occasion but what I merit by  
my good Affection to the Memory of a True Is-  
raelite worthy to be had in Everlasting Re-  
membrance.*

*C. M.*



( 1 )

FUNERAL-TEARS

At the Grave of The much *Desired*  
And *Lamented*

Mr. NATHANEEL COLLINS,  
Who changed Death for *L I F E*,  
December 28. 1684.

---

-- But shall he unobserved steal away ?  
Or *Israel* not afford an *hand* to lay ( a )  
An Evil-boding *Death* to heart ? no Son  
Of All the Prophets when *Elijah's* gone  
Look after him ?

*Forbid this, Heaven ! Show*  
*On a bereaved Clod of Earth a pow'r*  
*To yield a spire of grafs ( b ) whereon may grow*  
*The Name of COLLINS, help a verse to show*  
*His Vertues, as that Flock acknowledged*  
*Their Doe ( c ) when to the Spicy Mountains fled.*  
*Assist mee, thou who hast engag'd the Just*  
*A Memory, ( d ) to whom the precious dust*  
*Of Saints Dissolv'd remains united ! ---*

"  
**I** SIGH the *Fate* for which our broached eyes  
Spend floods of *brine*; at which a dire surprise  
Of a soul-chilling horror doth invade  
The *Soul* not *stone* before ; at which are made  
In serious minds as many wounds as were  
To *Cesar* ( e ) given. Reader, shake to hear ;

( a ) *Isai. 57. 1.* ( b ) *allusion to the poetical fancy*  
*of Ajax* ( c ) *Dorcas, Act. 9. 39.* ( d ) *Psa. 112. 6.*  
( e ) *whom the Roman conspirators flew with 23 wounds*

The *DEATH* of *COLLINS* tis. He dead without  
 A *Paper* winding sheet to lay him out !  
 A shame . O that *Egyptian* *Odours*, and  
*Embalmers* too ( f ) were now at my command !  
 I want them. But *Hyperboles* withdraw,  
 Be gone *Licentious Poets*. What I saw  
 On this occasion let some countrey *Rymes*  
 That call a *Spade* a *Spade*, tell after-Times. "

DEPRIV'D of *Charrets* & of *Horsmen* too, ( g )  
 I on the wings of *Contemplation* flew ;  
 Into the howling *desart* thus I went,  
 The *cut-off garden* ( h ) where our *David* sent  
 His *sheep* to feed and fold, from which he drave  
 The *Rav'nous Tigre-brood*, in which he gave  
 His herds a *Rest at noon*. ( i ) On *Jordans Banks*  
 I meant to sit with *Thoughts* on this and *Thanks* ,  
 But there found I an *Eleck Lady*, ( k ) There  
 Grov'ling in *Ashes*, with dishev'led hair,  
 Smiting her breast, *black'd* with a *mourning dress*,  
 Resembling mother *Sion* in *distress* ; ( l )  
 Or like a *Rachel* in a *Beth'lem* plight, ( m )  
 But with a *Beauty* glittering too, that might  
 The *Features* show that *Judah's preaching King*  
 Much did once in his *machless Raptures* sing ; ( n )

- I  
 ( f ) *Gen* 50. 2. ( g ) *all. to p. King*. 2. 12.  
 ( h ) so some render the *Garden of Nuts*, *Cant.*  
 6. 11. in a phrase very accommodable to *America* .  
 ( i ) *Cant.* 1. 7. ( k ) some ( tho' groundlesly  
 though ) suppose a *Church* intended by that name in  
 2. *Joh* 1. ( l ) *all. to the figure thereof* in *B. K.'s ingeni-*  
*ous poem.* ( m ) *Mat* . 2. 18. ( n ) viz. the *Canticles*.

I found her. There amaz'd, into a Tree (o)  
 Almost transform'd with passion: *Sympathie*  
 Produced this Enquiry, *Who I wonder,*  
*Seems Sorrow's Center, Sorrow's Essence yonder?*  
 Lo, I no sooner had approached near,  
 Then from above this voice did thunder; *Here*  
*Pitty, the Church of Middletown bespeaks*  
*Set in the midst of swoons and sobs and shrieks.*  
 With Bowells full of it I hastned to  
 The Wet place, asking *Why she grieved so;* "  
 And had this Answer.

Sir, Ask you this? Are you a Sojourner  
 Within New-Englands bounds & know not why?  
 I've lost great COLLINS, man! O that, O there,  
 From this Tears-Fountain (p) is my misery.  
 Immortal COLLINS! what a Charm is in  
 So dear a Name? 'Tis Honey mixt with gall  
 To think, I had him, but I miss him; Seen  
 He was, sad word! (q) but so no more he shall.  
 My Love is Talkative: tis fit that I  
 Thus vent my smother'd Fire. The Rabbins say  
 That when good old Methusela did dye,  
 His Wife nine husbands lost in him that day."  
 Like Loofer I will speak: The Lamentation  
 Over Jerus'lems Woe doth suit me well,  
 A Widow how 'is she become! || Privation  
 Seems now to be my only Principle.

One

(o) all. to such a metamorphosis celebrated in Ovid.  
 (p) *Hinc ille lacrymae.* (q) *fuimus Trees.* || Lam. i. i.



Once did I *prife*, I 'l now *praise* what I had.

The *box* of his *Fames Oyntment* \* now shall fend  
Abroad its *Odours*. *Alexander* † dead  
Had not the *scent* which doth from him ascend.

Some *Elogyes* compose to try their *Wits*;

The *Gout*, (r) the *Feavour*, || yea & *Injustice*, (s)  
*Folly* ( t ) and *Poverty* [ u ] have in the *Fits*  
Of *Ranting Writers* had a *comeliness*.

My *Theme*, my *Humour* is not such an one :

Who to prove *Cicero* not eloquent,  
Pen'd *Books*, (x) who *truth* & *worth* for *guards* dif-  
Such only count *Collins* not excellent. ( own

Bright *COLLINS*, *Star* of the *first Magnitude*,

Extol him how could I ! I sha'n't be chid  
If as much time on him my *gazes* shou'd  
Spend, as that *Greek* ( y ) in's *Panegyric* did.

O that *Apelles* were my *fervant* now

To *limn* this *Hero*, but his utmost *All*  
Would blush, and draw a *vail* upon the *Brow* ( z  
Below whose *Majesty* his *skill* would fall.

I  
\* *Eccles.* 7. 1. † from whose *corpse* 'tis said there  
went a smell surprizingly fragrant. ( r ) praised by  
*Pichennerus*, || praised by *Huttenus*, ( s ) praised by  
*Glaucus*, [ t ] praised by *Erasnius*, [ u ] praised by  
*Pierius*, all in set poems, or orations. ( x ) as once  
an *humourfome* person did. ( y ) *Socrates*, who  
spent 15 year in framing of one *Panegyric*, one ora-  
tion. ( z ) as that painter did upon his *Minerva's*;

I would that you, my Friend, each drop of Ink  
 Could fill with *Elogyes* no fewer then  
 The little eels \* that may swim in't : I think  
 They all should celebrate this *Flow'r of men*.

I would too that each syllable all round  
 This Globe with *perfum'd Air* might fly about ;  
 Or your *Stentorophonic Tube* † might sound  
 The praise of admirable *Collins* out.

Death, thou *All-biting* † *Prodigall*, a blow  
 Of thine hath laid *within* the ground a plant  
 Surpassing *Cedars*. I did hardly know  
 A *spice* whose quantity on it was scant.

Good *Nature* and good *Education* were  
 In him conjoyn'd to such an high degree,  
 As gain'd the Title of that † *Emperour*,  
 In this rare soul *Mankinds delight* we see.

Facetious *Snow-balls* from his candid breast  
 With *early Magic* hence would captivate  
 His near, *Familiars*, so that he was blest  
 Who could have leave to be his Intimate.

Hence from his Cradle clothes his neat *discretion*,  
 Mounted upon bridled *Urbanity*,  
 Before a most obliging *Disposition*,  
 Triumphant rode in ev'ry *Company*.

But

\* of which I can with my Microscope see incredible  
 hundreds playing about in one drop of water. † which  
 speaking-Trumpet may be heard a vast way off.  
 † all. to y Acrost. of Mors. *Mordens Omnia Rostro S uo*  
 || Tit. *Vesp. who was termed, Deliciae humani generis.*

But Oh the *fruits* of Heav'nly *Graces* dew  
 Upon so rich a *soyl* ! Let *Peter* bid  
 His *Brethren* add one *graces pearl* unto  
 The \* rest : The whole *heap* was in *Collins* hid.  
 You'd scarce believe the *FAITH* residing in  
 This Child of *Abraham*, the strong *Impression*  
 On his heart of *Realities* unseen, ||  
 Of *Gospel glories*, of things past expression :  
 How dearest to him his *Redeemer* ; how  
 With brave *Ignatius* † he could warble out  
 O *Christ my Love* ; how we might e'en allow  
 A *JESUS* grav'd ¶ within his breast no doubt.  
 His *VERTUE* took this *sister* by the hand ;  
 And with her *train* accompanied thus,  
 In *vert'ous flights* he went --- how much beyond  
 An *Aristides* ; \* \* or a *Regulus* !  
 For *KNOWLEDGE*, tho in him poor *Harvard* lost  
 One of her *tallest sons*, one of the best  
*Souldiers* in her *Minerva's* Camp, my boast  
 Of higher *Wisdom* in him i'n't the least.  
 My *Moses*, he in *Egypt's Learning* vers'd † †  
 Had more then *that* ; Accomplishments *Divine*  
 In exercise of which, while he convers'd  
 With *Isr'els Jah*, to us his face did shine. † ||

Yare

\* v. the glorious catalogue 2. Pet. 1. 5, -7. || 2. cor. 4  
 18. † whose saying often was, *Amor meus est crucifixus*  
 ¶ which is grossly and fabulously reported of another.  
 \* \* two glories of the heathen, the one for Justice, the  
 other for Fidelity. † † Act. 7. 22. † || Exod. 34. 35.



Yare at his GRAMMAR, kenning *how* and *when*  
 To speak : his *tongue* a \* *tree of life*, no ( dross  
 Proceeding from this *Chrysoſtom* ||† ) the *penn*  
 Of *Ready writers* like, not *barbarous*.

How *lofty* in his RHET'RIC, when with *cries*  
 To the Omnipotent reduc'd to *ſay* ¶  
*Let me alone*, thereby he ſcal'd the *Skies*,  
 And with the old † *Artill'ry* got the *day*.

In the beſt LOGIC, Oh how *Rational* !

How able to ſpy *Canaan* through ! how ready  
 To baffle a *Temptation* ! and withal  
 Full of his *Oracles* ſound, ſolid, ſteady !

How right was his ARITHMETIC that knew  
*Wiſely* to meaſure his own || *dayes* ! How right  
 Was his GEOMETRY, that found the true  
 Bulk of the *earth* ! a point \* \* not worth the *ſight*.

In his ASTRONOMY how ripe his eye  
 Reaching to things beyond the *ſtars* ! Always  
 Exact in this *no-vain* ¶¶ PHILOSOPHY,  
 That in all things he found his *Makers* |||| *praiſe*.  
 Maſter

\* *Prov.* 15. 4. ||† *golden mouth*. ¶ as in *Exod.* 32.  
 10. *feriendi licentiam petit a Moſe qui fecit Mo-*  
*ſen.* † *preces et lacrymæ ſunt Arma Eccleſiæ.* || *Pſa.*  
 90. 12. \* \* and an inviſible point no doubt would it  
 be to an humane eye in the ſtarry Heaven, tho it  
 probably contains above Ten Thouſand Millions of  
*cubic German leagues.* ¶¶ as ſome other Philoſo-  
 phy is call'd in *Col.* 2, 8. |||| *preſentem docuit* .  
*quælibet herba Deum.*

*Master of all the Arts that shew us what  
Tis from each Bad unto each Good to goe;  
To all his Knowledge last subjoyning that, †  
All that I know is, that I nothing know.*

For TEMPERANCE, he liv'd upon it, hee  
Like Hooper spar'd much in his diet, more  
In 's speeck, but most in Time; the hateful Three  
|| Fly-gods o' th' world mean while he car'd not for.

To Meat a \* Daniel; and a Rechabite ¶  
To Drink; like a John Baptist † in his Rayment;  
His sleep, like David, ‡ robbing in the Night;  
Still putting Nature off with scanty payment.

*Abstemious* in all things at such a rate,  
Some ( like Eliza → in her Brothers eyes,  
Him Brother Temp'rance could denominate.  
And Justice caus'd what e'er lookt otherwise.

For PATIENCE whole beds and loads of it  
In his soul flourish'd. What Affliction meant  
He felt as much as most do talk, and yet  
Groans might from him, but Grumbles \*|| ne're  
( be sent .

† Socrates his *Hoc tantum scio, me nihil scire.* || the  
Pleasures, and Profits & Honours of the world, be-  
come the 3 Belzebubs of it, according to the Distich  
*Ambitiosus honos et opes et fæda voluptas,*

*Hæc tria pro trino Numine mundus habet.*

\* Dan. 1. 12. ¶ Jer. 35. 6. † Mat. 3. 4. ‡ Psa.  
119. 62. → K. Edw. VI. us'd to call the Princess  
Elizabeth, his Sister Temperance. \*|| It was the  
sentence of a great Saint under great pain, I groan  
but do not grumble.

And under *Provocation*, 'twas a care  
 By him maintain'd to *smile Affronts* away.  
 Not firing when meer *Cock-boats* landed are;  
 Seldom decoy'd from his mild *Tea*, or *Nay*.

No Brother of \* *Achilles*; like unto  
 The *Upper Regions* free from *Tempests*; full  
 Of the *doves temper*: Able for to go  
 Over an *Alphabet*, ¶ tho *Anger* pull,

His GODLINESS *steer'd* || all his motions still:  
 God had his *thrice-horn'd* † *love*, his life, his Whole;  
 Gods *Honour* was his *End*, and in the *Will*  
 Of God he moulded † his renewed soul.

His sev'ral *Turns* on a Religious threed  
 He fought to string: fixing that *Motto* on  
 What signal he in both his *Callings* did,  
 With much devotion, *Lord* † for thee alone.

How

\* whom Homer so often represents in fumes.  
 ¶ as was wont to do the Renowned Roman Empe-  
 rour. || allusion to *Sola sit humana pietas cyno-  
 sura carinae*. † *Amo te, Domine, plusquam meos,  
 plusquam mea, plusquam me. Bern.* † all. to  
*Rom. 6. 17. gr.* † as he, *Propter te, Do-  
 mine, propter te.*



How *James-like* were his || *Pray'rs*, how did the word  
 Of Life, his heart *Christ's* ¶ *Library* affect !  
 What God-ward flames did his pure \* *mind* afford,  
 Of any *Ord'nance* dreading a Neglect !

BROTHERLY-KINDNESS did procure the  
 [ *Law* ]  
 Of *Kindness* in his † *lips*, a *Denison*  
 Of *Philadelphia* [ *a* ] in him we saw ;  
 Heir to the soul of the Apostle [ *b* ] *John*.

A *Zwinglian* entire that ever said [ *c* ]  
 Let me see *Christ* in any one, I shall  
 Him with both *Armes* embrace. Whatever made  
*Distinctions*, this with him removed all.

And CHARITY in him warm *Beams* extended  
 To all the Race of Man ; *Philanthropy*  
 Him like a *shadow* every where attended ;  
*COLLINS* made up of *Love*, we us'd to cry.

An

|| of whom *Ecclesiastical History* relates, that his hard-  
 ned knees wore the *Badges* of his hard prayers.  
 ¶ as *Jerome* remarks of his friend *Nepotian*. \* *Ani-*  
*ma justī Cœlum est.* † *prov.* 31. 26. [ *a* ] which name  
 signifies brotherly love. [ *b* ] *Heb.* 13. 1. *gr.*  
 [ *b* ] of whom tis said that when through age he could  
 do no more, he would give that short Lesson for a long  
 Sermon to his congregation, my Children, love one  
 another. [ *c* ] a *savory speech* recorded of the famous  
*Zuinglius*.

An Injury seldom resenting more  
 Than Cranmer or the Martyrologer \*  
 Who urn'd his Ashes, of whom tis notour,  
 Of good, for ill, Turns from them sure you were!

In fine, As the ¶ Philosopher did give  
 His friend advice, suppose a Cato's eye  
 On you, and so be wise; when I would live  
 Uprightly, I'd imagine, COLLINS by.

Thus was he for a Christian, and thus he  
 With Conversation lightned, every Deed  
 Of his in print a Sermon yeeldeth mee: ¶  
 But now what as a Minister you'l heed.

Methinks I see how fraught the Pulpit was  
 Of Grace, of Gravity, of Wisdom, when  
 With most harmonious notes a Barnabas  
 He now was, and a Boanerges then:

How deep his Sermons were, where Elephants  
 Might take content, and yet withal how plain;  
 Suited unto the leather Dublet's Wants.  
 All in a near unimitable Strain:

What

\* Holy Mr. Fox. ¶ Seneca.

¶ Ille pius pastor, quo non prestantior unus,  
 Qui faciendo docet, quæ facienda docet.

What undaught † wine he gave me : what a Zeal  
 For me consum'd him : how material  
 He was in *Dispensations* aim'd to heal  
 Distempers in me, yet how *Spiritual* :

He like an Ox \* was alwaies labouring  
 To feed me, but he like an Eagle \* too  
 Did soar to *Pisgah's* Top; from thence to bring  
*Celestial Visions* pore-blind us unto.

One is a *Doctor* most ¶ *Invincible*  
 Another most ÷ *Profound*, a Third is counted  
 A *Subtil* ÷ one; ( *Scholastic Records* tell )  
 A Fourth † *Angelical* by none surmounted :

*COLLINS* was all of this . The noble ¡: *Three*  
*Geneva* Crowns, enlightning *Calvin*, and  
 The thundering *Earel* join'd auspiciouslie  
 With shouring *Viret*, here in one did stand.

For *Memory* almost a *Seneca*, ¶ ¶  
 For *Judgement* and *Fancy* inferior  
 To few : in Learning rich, and ev'ry way  
 He was a *furnisht Gospel-Orator* .

How

† all. to 2. Cor. 2. 17. gr. \*\* all. to those 2 creatures  
 in Rev. 4. 7. whereof by the former some will have the  
 Pastor, & by the latter the Teacher of a Church to  
 be meant. ¶ so Alexander Hales. ÷ so Bradwar-  
 dine. → so Scotus. - † so Aquinas. ¡: thus dis-  
 tinguished in an Epigram of Beza's. ¶ ¶ whose  
*Memories* Memory is to all Ages memorable :



How many \* *Lydian-hearts* reputed him  
 A || *Claviger*, by him unlockt? To us  
 For *Light* giv'n to our *House* how much *Esteem*  
 He had as an † *Oecolampadius*!

To save poor me and mine, Oh how *severe* †  
 His *Labours* were! how lasting his *Renown*  
 Must to my *Offspring* be, Once ( *saying* ) were  
*Doves eyes within the Locks* of † *Middletown*!

My *Neighbourhood* shar'd with me too; he gave  
 Some *Spirit* unto them: and then his † *Haven*  
 He chose: So on the *Day* || \* we us'd to have  
*Heaven* from him, from us he flew to *Heaven*.

The Age of *Perkins* \* \* just attaind, he thought  
 It time to follow him, But *Why* so fast?  
 The *cause* you know that of *such things* is brought  
 Belong'd to him, he only grew too fast. ¶

More

\* *all. to. Act. 16. 14. || an excellent Divine, the*  
*English of whose Name seems to be Key-carrier*  
 † *another, whose Name in likelihood was House-*  
*Lamp. † observing the Motto of the Emperour Se-*  
*verus, which was LABOREMUS. † all. to Cant.*  
*4. 1. where by those expressions some understand*  
*Christian Teachers surrounded with their believ-*  
*ing Hearers. † One of his last Services was that*  
*he assisted in a Day of Prayer at New-Haven, im-*  
*mediately on which he sickned. || \* He died on a Sab-*  
*bath Day about the beginning of the Morning Ex-*  
*ercise.* \* \* *about 44.*

¶ *Immodicus brevis est aetas et rara senectus.*

More would I say but Heart-corroding *Anguish*  
 Lays that check on me, you have lost him now.  
 Broken with thy big Loss dear Friend, I languish:  
 Hence would my *Tears* more than my *River* flow.

Now in *Micaiah's* Trance \* I seem to see  
 For *Food* on mountains, wandering Shepherdless,  
 And Shiftless rambling, what belongs to me.  
 Wast *Park* of mine that now no *Keeper* has !

Lord, is my *Night* come shall *Impenitent*  
 Transgressours now continue so ? Shall it  
 Upon my *Meeting-House*, while men repent,  
 This and that man born here || no more be writ ?

Shall a forsaken now *Society*  
 Without its *Head*, its *Heart*, its *Eyes* remain ?  
 And like *Isaiah's* woful *Vineyard* ly ( a )  
 With with'ring *Grapes* abandon'd by the *Rain* ?

O Ghastly *Omens* ! if *Paræus* dy  
 Let *Heidleberge* look to't. If *Austin* go  
 Let *Hippo* tremble. If *Elisha* fly ( b )  
 After his Master, next year brings a wo

\* 1. King. 22. 17. || allusion to *Psal.* 87. 5.  
 [ a ] all. to *Isai.* 5. [ b ] 2. King. 15. 20.  
 'Tis one of the Jewish Oracles. Quando Luminaria patiuntur Eclipsin, malum est signum mundo.

I fear of both sorts now [ c ] *Mortalities*,  
 Of *Famines* too I fear the [ d ] worst; I fear  
 The *Gallop* of no less *Calamities*  
 Then can be wrap'd in a pale *Comets* Hair.

Amidst these hideous *Frights* perplext, I mourn  
 With *Incoherent* Throbs you see. Now tell me  
 Whether it be not *just* that thus forlorn  
 I here bewail this that has late beset me.

SHE said; Her heavy words were hardly out  
 When, as one *planet-struck*, a doleful shout  
 Of the surviving *COLLINSes* detain'd  
 Me from *Replies* to what had been complain'd.  
 To fill the *Stage* there seem'd to throng a croud  
 Of his *Relations* to us. First aloud  
 His Aged *Parents* with drench'd *Hankerchiefs*  
 Saw and had cause thus to proclaim their *Griefs*:

A Son, our Staff and || Stork; ( said they ) A Son;  
 Our Benjamin, *Alas*, must he be gone  
 To his Long-Home before us? Heaven more  
 May now be Heaven to us than before.

*Farewel*

[ c ] Some have observed, that the Death of a  
 faithful *Minister* in a place where he hath done  
 God much service, is oft attended with a great  
 Mortality among other persons in that place.

J. Collins. *Elijahs Lamentation*. p. 18. [ d ] See *Amos*  
 8. 11. || A Bird fam'd for its regard to its Dam:



Farewel, thou world of \* Dirt ; we meekly wait  
 But for a || Call too. This deplored : Straight  
 His Brethren not as a † Jehoiakim  
 But as a † Jonathan, bemoaned him,  
 With this, We live to see the Joseph die,  
 Whom we thought born for our Adversity !

His Widdow then, ( the tender Whiting swam  
 Thro' the Black † sea of Death to us ) I came  
 ( Said She ) to bear a part with you . But I  
 Must in deep Silence do't. That ev'ry Sigh  
 Of mine --- O that it Marbles might erect  
 To him, for lack of whom I'm thus deject.

And then his Orphans, all ensabled add  
 O could we say --- that once a Father had,  
 A Father whose paternal over-sight  
 Did make us over happy, whose Delight  
 Was in our Welfare, whose Behaviours  
 Still taught us ---- Mercy ! what a Loss is our's !]

In this Distraction mixing once again  
 A Consolation-cup ; [ f ] Thick Mists amain  
 About us gathering ; a Murmur there  
 Of the blest Shade himself we then might hear .

Fond

\* One of the most splendid Cities wherein, is hence ap-  
 positely term'd Lutetia. || Vitam habentes in pati-  
 entia, Mortem in desiderio. † see Jer. 22. 17.  
 † v. 2. Sam. 1. 17. † all. to the Mare mortuum.  
 [ f ] such the Jews were wont to have at their Fune-  
 rals.

FOND *Mortals*, wipe your eyes (said he) pray  
 That liquor for your selves. \* poor *Envy* 'tis  
 Which prompts your *Threnodies* for me. To weep  
 For my sake, is but to Ignore my *Bliss*.

O what a world of smoke of dust of Folly  
 Am I say'd || from! No sin shall me annoy,  
 And no *Temptation* more to be unholy  
 Shall e'er molest me in my *Masters* JOY.

I have my *Ragged Mantle* dropt; I have  
 All *Vanity* and all *Vexation* †  
 Escap'd, my *Clay* safe kept within a *Grave*  
*Preserv'd* lies for the *Resurrection*.

No *Cross* (g) shall ever gall my shoulders more,  
 From God, correcting my disorders, and  
 No *Club* e'er strike me, red with ancient Gore,  
 Still by each *Cain* (h) retained in his hand.

I'm got within the *Vail*, and there I see  
 The ever-glorious Face of the (i) GOD-MAN;  
 And He with *Transports* doth convey to me  
 As much of GOD as entertain I can.

\* all. to Luk. 23 28. || all. to Phil. I. 23. where  
 to depart, is by some translated to loose Anchor.  
 † Mors Beatitudinis principium, Laborum meta,  
 peremptoria peccatorum, Aug. (g) Christ & his  
 Cross part at Heavens door, for there's no room for  
 Crosses in Heaven. Rutherford. Epist. (h) Cain  
 adhuc clavus Abelis sanguine rubens ubique circum-  
 fertur. Bücholtz. (i) The Heaven of Heaven,  
 portray'd in Joh. 17. 24.

I Know, I Live, I Love; But how? forbear  
To be inquisitive: It can't be told  
To you; No, tho' you all (k) *Hebricians* were:  
Nor can *shell-vessels* (l) this things meaning hold.

"I find besides my loving *Guardians* here,  
Here the *Good Angels* that convey'd me thro'  
The *Divel-haunted-Dungeon-Atmosphere*, (m)  
To mine annex their *Hallelujahs* do. //

Here, me the *Chorus* of the glorify'd,  
The polish'd (n) *stones*, now in the *Temple* plac'd,  
The twice cloath'd (o) *Souls*, salute on ev'ry side:  
I see *Nathaneel* (p) here, I know the rest.

Be glad that I am here, and after hye,  
Your selves with diligence, all posting hither,  
*Precepts* and *Patterns* left, my *Counsels* eye,  
And *Copies*, so we shall be soon together.

*Souls*, follow me. Anon the *Stars*, the *Sands*;

The *Atoms* of the *Universe* ---- a *Scrol*

Like *Heaven* fill'd with *Nines*, for cypher stands,  
Compar'd to the *Long joyes* || that over us may  
roll.

(k) *skil'd in the language which bold conjectures think  
to be Heavens Dialect.* (l) *all. to 2. cor. 4. 7. gr.*

(m) *the territories whereto the apostate troops of Lucifer  
seem to be confined, from eph. 2. 2.* (n) *all. to 2. cor. 5. 5*

(o) *all. to 2. ibid. where an upper garment of glory  
is engaged to the souls on which an under garment  
of grace is wrought with the Eternal Spirit's Needle-  
work.* (p) *v. Joh. 1. 47.* (q) *a thing rationally sung*

*the German Swan the night before he died. || a line  
too long for the verse, but too short not-  
to give a shadow of ETERNITY*



A *PERIOD* this puts to the *Tragedy*.  
*He vanisht ; They retir'd ; confus'd I*  
*Now quite alone, have nothing else to do,*  
*But to pour out a short Hosannah to*  
*The Worlds Almighty GOVERNOUR to whom*  
*On this account now these Petitions come*  
*From lifted Hands, and bended Knees ---*

*Dread Lord,*

*By whom vast Hosts of Beings with a Word*  
*Are made and mov'd: Let thy much-hop'd Salvation*  
*Shield us, like Walls from much-fear'd Desolation,*  
*O Save New-Englands Churches ; Let them be*  
*Still golden Candlesticks, belov'd by thee,*  
*Still Puritans; Still Iv'ry Pallaces.*  
*Keep up the Quickset Hedge about them ; Please*  
*To keep the gladsome Streams of them alive .*  
*Save Middletown, and cause the Place to thrive*  
*Under Fat Clouds still, and that Bochim let*  
*By thy Provision be a Bethel yet.*  
*Save ev'ry Soul that reads this Elegy ;*  
*(Like COLLINS let us live, like COLLINS dy.)*  
*AMEN .*

*Sic mihi contingat vivere sicque mori.*

*Sic optat,*

*Qui longe sequitur vestigia semper adorans,*

*Qualis vita, ita*

*FINIS.*